

[**My One In A Million**](#) by [**Porkbunz_zz**](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Angst with a Happy Ending, F/M, Fluff, Fluff and Hurt/Comfort, Heartwarming, Hurt and comfort, lots of comfort

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Shadow Monster | Mind Flayer

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Billy Hargrove, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Billy Hargrove

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Summary:

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He enjoyed sharing secrets this way, letting her know that he used to be a boy once, a boy that loved his mom more than he loved himself. He didn't actually really like himself to be fair, but Eleven did. She'd guide her fingers through his hair and play with the curls and whisper softly. She'd let him know. "I like you Billy."

"...."

"I've always liked you...Max does too." He hummed in

acknowledgment, hoping she'd never stop talking. Billy, Jane decided, was love-letters and poetry and beauty. "Please come back."

1. Prologue

Eleven, Billy decided, was sun and water. She burned beneath his skin and chilled his veins with her touch, a feeling akin to euphoria. It tugged at his gut with a strong sense of fear. *Weird*...He hated it. *Weird. Weird.* He's been angry for far too long to feel anything different. The girl stared at him in thought, focused. He remained unnerved. "What do you want?!"

Eleven said nothing. So he continued. "You regret helping me don't you?" "....." "What a terrible, terrible mistake to help Billy." "....." "Don't worry, you'll disappear soon. I'll leave you from this void soon enough too." "....." Rage bubbled in his throat at the lack of response. He talked in a low, aggressive tone, hoping to scare her. "Say *something*...?" Except It came out more desperate then he would have liked, as though he was actually troubled (he should know by now it's futile with her).

She walked forward, observing the way he seemed to kneel on the ground in defeat before kneeling beside him as well. *He's hurting bad.* The girl grabbed his hand, aware of the boy's discomfort. He waned at the desire to pull away, only looking back at her, and noted the earthy brown hue of her eyes. *Warm.* "Why.Are.You.Here?" She raised his palm to her cheek as her answer. "*Warm.*"

Blood rushed to his chest. In the darkness where monsters reside, he takes refuge in her arms as she embraces him. For a while, they indulge in each other's presence. She has to return to the other side eventually.

2. In his nightmares, he dreams.

In his nightmares, he dreams of short, brown hair and tender smiles. Of soft skin and gentle caresses. Her voice is fragile when she speaks yet strong. Determined. She's seen his past and offers only love in return. He soaks her affection up like a sponge, easily weakened by her gaze. It is all-knowing and it is fearful. To have someone strip him bare with no struggle is infuriating. It is therefore a shocking revelation for him when he realizes how liberating it is to have someone that understands-down to the deepest part of his core that he's tried so hard to forget exists. *You want her. Need her. Call her to us.*

Black tendrils crawl across his skin and enter through his nose and mouth. *No! No! Stop!* An icy sensation tingles all over his body. *Stop!* Images of straw hats and wet sandals muddy into a blur. Ocean waves crash with thunder. *I don't understand!* There is nothing left but darkness. *I don't understand!*

We all need her.

Closing his eyes, Billy makes a wish.

Notes for the Chapter:

-So I'm starting to get an idea of where I wanna go with this story. (I know this is a hella-short chapter. Bare with me) Wdyt?

3. Chapter 3

The sun sat snug in a blanket of blue, smothering the cornfield with streaks of gold. Warmth penetrates her skin as she runs and laughs, dancing among the plants with bare feet. It was the freest she'd ever felt. The freest she'd ever been. The way grass slid between her toes, smooth and inviting and as green as the forest. Or how light simmered and burned and cooked as it shined across the field and ebbed away the darkness.

She hated the dark and couldn't think of anything better than this. *You're getting warmer. Hurry before it disappears.* In the middle of all the corn, a voice whispers, deep yet soft. *Colorless like water.* A very tasteless voice indeed. *Closer. Almost there.* She's not sure where it's coming from or why she's listening. Only that she's following and going somewhere. Anywhere. *Keep looking. Look with your heart.*

Confused, the young girl closed her eyes, thinking that perhaps what she is looking for cannot be found with them. Perhaps what she is looking for can only be found when dreaming, so she dreams, and dreams and dreams. She dreams of candy and the sweetness of sugar. She dreams of scarecrows and toothaches and ghosts. She dreams of children dressed as monsters, laughing. And then she dreams of monsters. Real ones. The kind with cold smiles and sharp teeth. Rough skin, wrinkled skin, miles of hardened, tired skin. Human skin and eyes that say *you will never be free.*

The girl squeezes her palms tightly, almost trembling as she searches. *What does my heart most yearn for?* When she opens her eyes, a rose lays in front of her on top of a boulder. Eleven walks forward, picks up the flower and studies it, noting the cobweb on the petals. *It speaks again. dON'T LET gO! dON'T LET gO!*

The earth beneath Eleven's feet rumbles, cracks, then splits open as it swallows her. Her lungs fill with ice as she tumbles down a dark, dark rabbit hole, limbs flailing endlessly until slimy tentacles catch her in a bone-chilling hug. The scream dies in her throat when blonde hair protrudes from the creature's head while the 'arms' begin to char and flay into bones with skin. The skin of someone all too familiar. Eleven blinks. Once. Twice. Pink lips curve into a smile,

contrasting scared, blue eyes. "It's nice to see you again." The voice is rich and deep, smooth like velvet yet just a little broken, like glass.

"I missed you." "....." " We missed you." The girl remained unsure of what to make of *his* presence. Right before her, stood Billy. She furls and unfurls her fingers, the rose eventually slipping from her grasp and wilting before it hits the bottom. A spider peeks from behind the petals as if it were a shy lover. When it detects no harm, it crawls away in steadfast speed with milky-white legs. She fails to notice. For the world became aquiver, shaking and morphing into a black, black oasis that would fill her stomach with dread. The corn shouts at her, angry. *We told you so! We told you so!*

Notes for the Chapter:

Uploaded the wrong one! Also, everything seems out of order but I swear it's not! Me just constantly rearranging the chapters because it's been a whole ass year, smh. I think everything is in chronological order, for now...

4. Chapter 4

In her dreams, he remains still and lifeless-devoid of any hope. The boy whistles a sweet tune as he stares at the endless abyss, never rising from the ground. She assumes there is no point. Not from his perspective. Eleven disagrees strongly, but stays put. Instead, she chooses to talk with him about different subjects. Sometimes he listens. Sometimes, she wonders if he died and she didn't notice. But then he'd hum in acknowledgement, as if letting her know he's still alive and she'd keep talking.

"Max misses you," she says. Chills sweep up her spine. Her body trembles. "Always talks about you." Tired fingers twitch in response. "Says that you were an ass." He laughs lightly. Her chest pounds faster, the cold instantly gone. "But if you tried, you *could* be a good brother." "....."

He raises an arm as if reaching for something, then speaks. "Did you know...if you *close* your eyes...and *make* a wish-"he hesitates for a moment,"-It can come true in the abyss?" A cigarette forms in between his middle and index finger. He lowers his hand to smoke. "For some reason, it never works when I *want* to leave though." Grey puffs swirl in the air. "So I'll make it easy on you." Eleven panics and calls for his name. "*Billy*."

He always seemed to listen when she did. "This is real. *You're real!*"

In her dreams, she runs for him. "I wish you would disappear." She's never fast enough. "Goodbye *Eleven*." Her lungs gasp for oxygen while her forehead dampens with sweat. She grips the blanket tightly as fear washes over her, then relief. Then more fear. She's awake again and cries.

Notes for the Chapter:

There STILL hasn't really been any new Billy/Jane stories, c'mon people! Here's my attempt to finish what I started but it's been a while so I make no

promises as I can't remember where I was going with this. For better or worse tho, we need more of this ship!

7. Chapter 7

It becomes a habit of theirs.

She continues to spit fire with every word that spilled from her childish mouth while he stared at her in disbelief before finding her heart beneath her chest, beating rapid yet steady as her hands wrapped around his head and drew him to the sound like a moth to a flame. Listening to her was like a sweet, mellifluous melody. He enjoyed sharing secrets this way, letting her know that he used to be a boy once, a boy that loved his mom more than he loved himself. He didn't actually really like himself to be fair, but Eleven did. She'd guide her fingers through his hair and play with the curls and whisper softly. She'd let him know. "I like you Billy."

"...."

"I've always liked you...Max does too." He'd hum in acknowledgment, hoping she'd never stop talking. In these moments, he thinks of his mothers voice and feels himself drifting. Eleven notices his slow breathing and decides it's almost time to go. She watches him with a curious gaze, wondering if he's dreaming or if he can even dream in the abyss and notes his long lashes. "Please come back." Billy opens his eyes and grabs Eleven's hand, placing it on his chest, letting her feel the way his pulse moves with a flicker of life.

He removes his head from her embrace and stares at her. "I'm here aren't I, alive?" She's startled by the sudden movements. He remembers their first, real touch then, the way she caressed him, and slides his palm across the girl's cheek. "It seems...I never left, don't you agree?"

Notes for the Chapter:

I agree Billy, the fandom out here keeping you alive.
And as much as I am a hoe for Billy/
Steve....WHERE'S THE BILLY-JANE HELLO?!?!?!

9. Chapter 9

The monster roars and growls and cackles with an oddity that feels foreign to Billy who wondered if it was even real. He could feel the tendrils crawl inside him like it was trying to morph into something beneath his chest. It made his blood run cold. *Why am I even trying?* A women appears in his mind in a white-dress. She danced freely as the wind tugs at her hat and he thinks he might be lucky enough to be lost in the memory for a while. He didn't want to be awake while *it* took over his body.

The women eventually looks over and calls for him. Billy walks towards her without a second thought. *She looks pretty in that dress.* Her hair looked a little different from what he remembered though. It was shorter and darker and her figure smaller, more petite. "What are you waiting for?" The boy stood in bewilderment as he recognized the facial features. Deer, brown eyes stared at him with an intensity that made his skin prickle. Seeing as he became still, the girl walked over to him and immediately hugged him. She whispered tenderly against his ears. "Isn't this what you've been wanting?"

He finds that he'd rather be aware of the creature and pushes away the *dream*.

It's almost time. Call her to us.

For once, Billy doesn't protest.

10. Chapter 10

Eleven is drowning when Billy calls for her. She sinks through the bathtub and rises into the abyss, hacking her lungs. Billy watches with an indifferent expression as he walks forward. Eleven can feel the air grow colder. Something's wrong, she can sense it. "You're not...Billy." The boy responds by kneeling down to where the girl is, still trying to catch her breathe. He raises a hand to cup her face, slowly moving to her chin before tilting it up. She watches his eyes turn black. "But I am...just not the one you're used to," said the *thing*. His voice was deep and hoarse.

She was terrified. "Where Is he?" "...." "Where.Is.B" The kiss was sudden and chilling. Eleven could feel *it* travel down her throat, a coolness seeping into her bones and burning her gut. She felt herself grow weaker. Billy pulls her into his arms when she faints and pats her head. "I'm right here. Don't fight it anymore El."

Notes for the Chapter:

too short? I honestly don't know why I struggle so much to write a full damn page.

11. Dream sequence

He can feel the anger bubble in his chest no matter how much he tries to swallow it down. It doesn't help that he can't seem to push away the cause. Small, tender hands squeeze his lightly as the owner of the them rests her back against his. The sky at the beach grows dark enough to see the stars. The boy pays no heed until the girl tells him to make a wish. "I wish you weren't here." "....Is that all?" "I wish I wasn't here. I wish none of this existed. I wish I never met you, I don't like you." "...." The girl continues to thumb the surface of his palm, almost like a caress. They remain silent for a while longer, listening to the waves. He stares at the ocean, remembering how beautiful it looked in his mother's eyes. Maybe he could drown in the water and finally be free.

"I'm sorry." He doesn't understand. "Yeah you should be. Our lives shouldn't be like this, they shouldn't be so intertwined, I can't live without you, literally." "....." "You're in my head-or I'm in yours. I can never stop thinking of you you know. Don't you feel guilty for what you've done?!" His blood grows hotter. She starts to hum one of the tunes his mom sang when he was younger. He'd sung it to her once not too long ago, telling her how sweet it sounded to him. He loved the way it came out of her mouth majestically. It calmed him as much as he hated her.

"Will you set me free?" To the boy's surprise, she'd finally spoke. But he still didn't understand. "Didn't I just tell you it was the other way aroun- " "I can feel it move inside me, mocking me. It hurts." He tries not to pop a vein and instead grips her hands a little harder, not enough to actually harm her. He knows it's ridiculous to think of scaring her at this point. She's seen his most vulnerable sides after all. He also knows she's endured worse things, even if none of it made sense to him, yet he couldn't help himself. Perhaps it was just his nature to push everyone away. "You're hurting?! Then what have I been through huh?! Everything was fine until you came into my life!" *Liar.* "I don't need you kid." His teeth ached the more he gritted them.

"I need you....since the first time we touched, I've needed you."

The boy can feel his eyes water and appreciates her silence. There

was no point in trying to hide the tears from her. She let go of his hands and turned around to hug him from behind. Her white dress flapped wildly in the sudden breeze along with her hair. Despite the warmth of their embrace, she felt cold. They both did. She continued to whisper softly, almost as if to reassure them that what they were saying was true. "Real or not real?" "Real," she says.

The sand was smooth between their toes and the air was crisp with the scent of pinewood. It was a nice touch to the dream that wasn't a dream.

Notes for the Chapter:

Yes, I made a hunger games reference. Was this too out of character? I really hope not. I feel my sanity slipping these days.

12. Chapter 12

The mindlayer grew tired at the lack of freedom while he continued to flip through the girl's mind to find an outlet to escape from. If he was able to contact her through the boy and bring her into the abyss, surely there had to be a way out? He'd decided then to set her body to freeze from the inside-out. He'd make her retreat and find the opening then.

El's insides burned, enough to make her blood feel like fire before a chill swept over her and caused her to huddle in on herself on the sand. Billy closed his eyes and listened to the ocean sway as he allowed himself to be submerged halfway in its waters. He floated on his back like a child waiting patiently for a scolding. "There was never a chance for us. Even without that *thing*...what would you do if we continued in this mental limbo? Or maybe I'm freed, but what then? Where would we go from there? There's no way I could ever return-I don't *want* to."

Pain flared through her limbs with an intensity that made her lose focus. She couldn't hear anything the boy was saying. "*Billy...please...help...*" Screams filled the air, contrasting the bright, blue hue that enveloped the sky with seagulls and cotton-candy clouds. Blood trickled down her throat. She choked on the red liquid, feeling like her whole body was about to explode.

The boy remained calm, continuously drifting while contemplating her words. "Why should I help you?! Give me *one* good reason," he asked, forgetting she wasn't listening. There was a sudden tug at his shirt, something invisible pulling him into the ocean. He panicked at the abrupt movement, unable to hold his breathe before going down. *Is this how I die? Am I finally free?*

Images begin to flow of his mother. Her voice filling the depths with a promise. "*I'll be back...just not yet.*" Rage consumes him. *You were never going to come back.* The voice changes, rich and soft-softener than he's used to. It almost sounded like a child but not quite. There was something mature about it, barely but it was there. *Since we first touched, I've needed you...please...help...*

His heart plunges deeper into the iciness he's been wrapped in for

years, more shallow and tired, yet angry and beating rapidly with regret. His chest stings and he cries, ignoring the impracticality of it. The monster inside him roars.

He decides he'd try and fight back, just a little bit. *For her sake.*

A pair of cold arms wrapped around her body, encasing her in dripping, icy water and warmth. The person whispers in her ears, making a promise. "I'm sorry...I'll be good this time." The pain disappears. Eleven can breathe again and responds. "You were never bad...just *tired*."

They ignore the wet sand clinging to their skin.

Author's Note:

-Would you like me to continue?